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# CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

## Or, Miscellany of

### RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

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## ISABELLA;

OR,

## THE HEROINE OF ALGIERS.

Continued from page 293.

## CHAPTER III.

## TREACHERY.

THE two Arabs had passed the night under the trees, in the thicket. Every thing was soon ready for departure, and with the rising sun the little caravan set out. Towards night-fall, they came, much fatigued, to a hill covered with sycamores. As the day had been excessively hot, the Arabs declared they would go no farther, and the merchant agreed that they should halt. Their wallet furnished them with refreshment, and they sat down on the fresh grass, under the shade of a sycamore. The evening was calm and cool. Behind them rose the hill of sycamores, with its trees and flowers, which scented the air with their sweetest perfumes; before them lay the Mediterranean, presenting to their delighted eyes a boundless sheet of azure, whose surface was gracefully curled by the evening breeze.

The solitude of the hill was disturbed for some moments, by the angry cries of various birds, which had come to pass the night among the trees, and which the presence of the wayfarers had driven from their usual resting-place. The sun had sunk in the ocean waves, behind a purple cloud, but still the thick veil of night did not entirely conceal the splendour of the day. Seated under the shade of a sycamore, the three Europeans were enchanted by the prospect, which a fine night on the coasts of Africa exhibits. The Arabs, on the contrary, stretched listlessly on the grass, resigned themselves to sleep.

The merchant conversed till a late hour with his wife and daughter. They then commended themselves to God by fervent prayer, and composed themselves to sleep. Their hard couch was another, added to the many privations they had experienced during the journey; but were they not supported by the hope of seeing their father? and was not this hope, so full of consolation, a sweet counterpoise to all their troubles? Why then complain? Would it not be disgraceful to refuse even death to redeem a father?

Though sleep had closed the weary eyelids of

Teresa and Isabella, the bright anticipations which crowded the merchant's mind still kept him awake. "By this time to-morrow," said he to himself, "the chains of slavery will have been broken from the limbs of my venerable father; his tears wiped away, and that bosom which has heaved so many hopeless sighs and groans, filled with gladness. Oh, for the moment, when I shall console, when I shall press him to my breast and be happy! Death alone shall separate us for the time to come. All!"

His ear caught the trampling of approaching horses. He rose to a sitting posture, and saw six horsemen, with naked sabres, making towards him. A stifled cry of terror, which awoke his wife and daughter, escaped from his mouth.

"My God!" exclaimed Teresa, in mortal agony, "we are lost! they are armed brigands!" and she ran behind her husband for protection. The merchant aroused his guides; seized a sabre, and with his back against a tree, prepared to defend himself. The Arabs looked unconcernedly on: then made a feint to protect him who had trusted to their honour. But the quick eye of the merchant saw through their treachery; they had betrayed him—they were in league with the robbers. But the Spaniard's arm was stout, and his heart good; and the idea of yielding without a struggle, never entered his mind.

The unequal combat soon began. Teresa seeing the life of her husband in danger, rushed among spears and swords, threw herself at the feet of the savage Mussulmans, conjuring them to spare a generous man, and promising them all the gold they had; but a brutal kick sent her rolling at the feet of her husband, who, at the sight of such an indignity, offered to a harmless woman, became furious, fought like a lion, till at last he was overpowered by numbers. He fell, pierced with many wounds, upon the body of Teresa.

Meanwhile, Isabella filled the air with her shrieks, and called on all the heavenly powers to assist her; but Heaven appeared deaf to her prayers—the crime was committed. She saw her father and mother fall, and fainted away. The Arabs took advantage of the moment to pillage the travellers; night favoured their escape, and concealed their execrable deed.

When Isabella recovered her senses, she found herself stretched on a mat, in a ruined house; by her side stood a girl, watching her with a most affectionate and anxious eye.

"Where am I?" exclaimed the unfortunate sufferer. "Where is my mother? What has become of my father? Oh, God, have mercy on me!"

The girl stretched out her hand and said, in affectionate accents, a mixture of French and Italian, "Fear not, dear sister; my mother, who preserved, will protect you still; and I, who already love you with all my heart, will do every thing in my power to make you happy."

"If you love me, take me to my parents," was the sorrowful reply.

"I could not do so without peril to your life and my own. You shall stay here with us and be my sister: my mother has a kind heart; she it was who went to seek you on the hill of sycamores, and brought you here."

"But how came she to know I was there?"

"I may not answer that question, I have been forbidden to do so."

"What is your name?"

"Isabella."

"And mine Mirza.—Here sister," said the young African, as she presented some fruit to her new friend, "eat of these dates which were gathered this morning from the great palm-tree of the desert; they are refreshing as the water which gushes from the rock, and their juice more delicious than sweetest honey." But Isabella, a prey to the most poignant sorrow, turned aside her head in tears and would accept no nourishment. The concern at being separated from her parents, and the uncertainty of their fate, was a continual subject of torment to her; and though she was grateful for the affectionate attentions bestowed upon her, she could not help trembling as she thought of her own destitution and future destiny.

Some time after Mirza's mother entered and presented to Isabella a bowl of milk, which she was with difficulty prevailed upon to drink. She spoke good Italian, exhorted her to courage and perseverance, and assured her that she was in perfect safety.

"Since your kindness to me is so great," said Isabella, "will you not restore me to my parents? what must be their sorrow, if death has spared them."

"It must be great, indeed," said the hostess with a faltering voice; "but I don't know where they are—and even if I knew I could not restore you to them—think yourself happy," she added, in a lower tone—"that I have been allowed to keep you near me, and ask me no more questions, for"—

At this moment the voice of a man was heard outside, and Mirza's mother darted trembling from the cottage.

"That is my father," said the young African.

"And what is your father's employment," asked Isabella?—Mirza cast her eyes towards the ground, and her features betrayed the utmost embarrassment. Isabella was silenced, she divined the sad truth

covered her face with her hands and wept: the unfortunate girl was in the house of her parents' murderers. Mirza approached, and begged her in a suppliant tone to think no ill of her; and said she would do all in her power to console her.

Isabella raised her eyes to heaven, and offered her friendly hand to Mirza: it was to pardon her father.

Isabella was now obliged to resign herself to her sad lot. But what would become of her in that country, alone, without protector, in the midst of Arabs, a stranger to the religion, manners, and customs of that barbarous people. The thought almost made her despair; she would have preferred death to a future which presented a prospect so gloomy and frightful. Her mind was extremely agitated—it seemed that everything was against her—heaven and earth.—Her heart was bruised with sorrow, and without her strength of mind and youthful vigour, she must certainly have fallen under these successive strokes of misfortune. God, who frequently afflicts those whom he loves, and who often leads them to the brink of the precipice to display His mercies and our weakness in a more striking manner, did not abandon the unfortunate Isabella. He sometimes employs the most indifferent objects to throw streams of light on the darkness which envelops our existence. The grief of Isabella was still unabated, when to distract her, Mirza proposed they should leave the room to breathe the fresh air under a laurel which shaded the house. She gladly consented.

Arrived under the sheltering tree, Isabella was astonished to see a vase filled with magnificent flowers. She asked where the vase came from, and where such flowers grew?

"The vase," replied the young African, "was given to me some days ago by a woman of the neighbourhood in return for a favour I had done her; she received them herself from an old Christian slave, who labours in a garden half a league distant from the village."

Isabella, who had not forgotten her grandfather's taste for flowers, put a thousand questions to Mirza respecting the old Christian; but she could give little information: her young friend had never seen the old man. She asked Mirza's mother—but with no better success. Mirza, therefore, to satisfy Isabella's curiosity, took her to the woman, who had communications with the old man; and from her she learned that he was a Spaniard, that he had been taken far away from his native land; that he was born in a great city, where he had left a married son; that he often wept at the recollection of his friends, but still was resigned to his lot.

"Has he been a slave long?" asked Isabella, in a tone of earnestness, always on the increase.

"Only a few months," was the woman's reply.

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Isabella; "it is my grandfather. For the love of God take me to him—it was in search of him, that my father, mo-

ther and I came into this country. My heart tells me that the man you speak of is no stranger to me."

Mirza's mother, who served as interpreter to Isabella, communicated her request to the woman. She, however, raised numberless obstacles; but the sight of a bag which the young lady carried on her arm, and which she offered as the reward of compliance, removed every difficulty, and she consented to conduct her early in the morning to the spot, on which all her thoughts and desires were centred.

(To be continued.)

## THE IMMORTALITY OF ROME.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, ESQ.

"Urbi et Orbi,"\* mystic euphony,  
What depth of christian meaning lies in thee!  
How, from this world apart, this world above,  
Selected by a special will of love,  
In its own spiritual atmosphere sublime,  
Rome lives, a thought, without the reign of Time.  
Thus at the gates of great eternity,  
Nature, the constant herald of God, I see,  
And ever onward reads she this decree :—  
"Let nations have their cycles—let their course  
Still run unchanged, whate'er their inner force;  
Let each, whate'er its fabric, firm or frail,  
Give its one chapter to the historic tale,  
In silence and in shadow then to lie,  
And but in memory's echo-life to die;  
There is an end for all that is begun,  
For the Sun's self, and all beneath the Sun."

Who dare deny this record?—Rome alone;  
Rome has no history she can call her own;—  
The history of the Western World is hers,  
Writ out in all its mazy characters:  
What know we of it, till that name began,  
Whose light still hovers o'er the Vatican?  
Where is the fount of all its myriad rills,  
But springing 'mid the seven low Latian hills?  
There, thoughtless organs of divine intent,  
Some scanty tribes in rudest union blent,  
Defensive force the martial will combined,  
Till lust of conquest filled them like a mind;  
There fast the mustard-tree of power up-grew,  
Fed into strength by fortune's choicest dew,  
Gathered the winds within its ample room,  
And gave the swaying boughs a voice of doom,  
For ever striving, as none else had striven,  
Earth for its root, and for its branches heaven.†

And when the flush of life was passed,—when came  
Age's dry heart and winter's naked shame,—  
The conscious giant trembled at the spell,  
Bowed his high head in agony, and fell.  
That ruin is before us,—and we all  
Have felt the shock of that tremendous fall  
Within our quivering hearts; we all have seen  
Those temples altarless, and streets grass green,

And columns standing lone, and basements bare,  
And fragments crumbling in the new found air;  
And, if at last our thoughts found utterance, said,  
"Surely this is the city of the dead!"

I stood one night—one rich Italian night,  
When the moon's lamp was prodigal with light,—  
Within that circus, whose enormous range,  
Tho' rent and shattered by a life of change,  
Still stretches forth its undiminished span,  
Telling the weakness and the strength of man.  
In that vague hour which magnifies the great,  
When desolation seems most desolate,  
I thought not of the rushing crowds of yore,  
Who filled with din the vasty corridor!  
Those hunters of fierce pleasure are swept by,  
And host on host has trampled where they lie.  
But where is He, that stood so strong and bold,  
In his thick armour of enduring gold,  
Whose massive form irradiant as the sun,  
Baptised the work his glory beamed upon  
With his own name, Colossal?—from the day  
Has that sublime illusion shrunk away,  
Leaving a blank weed-matted pedestal,  
Of his high place the sole memorial?—  
And is this miracle of imperial power,  
The chosen of his tutelage, hour by hour,  
Following his doom, and Rome, alive,—awake?  
Weak mother! orphaned as thou art to take  
From fate this sordid boon of lengthened life,  
Of most unnatural life, which is not life,  
As *thou* wert used to live; oh! rather stand  
In thy green waste as on the palm-flecked sand,  
Old Tadmor,\* hiding not its death;—a tomb,  
Haunted by sounds of life, is none the less a tomb.—  
Then from that picture of the wreck-strewn ground,  
Which the arch held in frame-work, slowly round  
I turned my eyes and fixed them, where was seen  
A long spare shadow stretched across the green,  
The shadow of the Crucifix,—that stood,  
A simple shape of rude uncarven wood,  
Raising, erect and firm, its lowly head  
Amid that pomp of ruin,—amid the dead,  
A sign of salient life;—the mystery  
Of Rome's immortal being was then made clear to me.

## THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE regular army amounts only to 9,012 men; but the States are provided with a militia, which numbered, in 1841, 1,587,722 men, of whom 300,000 are regularly armed and trained several times a year. The navy of the United States, though comparatively small, is said to be unexcelled in the completeness and efficiency of its appointments. It consisted, in 1841, of eleven ships of the line; thirteen frigates of the first class; two rigates of the second class; twenty-three sloops of war; four brigs; eight schooners; two steam frigates; and several smaller steam-vessels. There are six commodores, commanding squadrons; seven commanders of navy yards; three post captains; two commanders of naval stations; a governor of the naval asylum; and sixty seven captains.

\* The form of the Papal Benediction.

† "You cannot plant an oak in a flower-pot; she must have earth for her root, and heaven for her branches."—Harrington's *Oceana*.

\* Tadmor signifies the "city of the Palm-grove"—hence the Roman appellation.

## THE CONVERSION OF THE SAXONS TO CHRISTIANITY.

SCARCELY had the Saxons obtained the undisputed possession of their conquests, when a private monk conceived the bold but benevolent design of reducing these savage warriors under the obedience of the gospel. Gregory, on whom the veneration of posterity has bestowed the epithet of *the great*, had lately resigned the dignity of Roman prefect, and buried in the obscurity of the cloister all his prospects of worldly greatness. While he remained in this humble station, he chanced to pass through the public market at the moment in which some Anglo-Saxon slaves were exposed to sale. Their beauty caught the eye of the fervent monk; and he exclaimed with a pious zeal, that forms so fair ought no longer to be excluded from the inheritance of Christ. Impressed with this idea, he repaired to the pontiff, and extorted from him a reluctant permission to quit his monastery, and announce the gospel to the barbarous conquerors of Britain. But the people of Rome were unwilling to be deprived of a man whose virtues they adored. Their clamours retarded his departure; and his subsequent elevation to the papal throne compelled him to abandon the design.

Gregory, however, still kept his eyes fixed on Britain. The absence of his personal exertions he could easily supply by those of other missionaries; and from his high station in the church, he might direct their operations, and second their endeavours. His first plan was to purchase in the slave markets Anglo-Saxon youths about the age of eighteen, and to educate them in the monasteries, that they might afterwards be employed as missionaries to their countrymen. But this would require a delay, which accorded not with the impatience of his zeal; and, after a short interval, he resolved to try the courage of his own monks, ignorant as they were of the language and manners of the barbarians. Having selected the most learned and virtuous of the community, he explained to them his views, elevated their hopes with the prospect of eternal rewards, and confirmed their consent with his apostolical benediction. (Anno. 596.) Animated by the exhortation of the pontiff, the missionaries traversed with speed the north of Italy, and crossed the Gallic Alps: but the enthusiasm which they had imbibed in Rome evaporated during their journey; and from Lerins, or the neighbourhood of Lerins, they despatched Augustine, their superior, to Gregory, to explain their reasons for declining so unpromising and so dangerous an enterprise. But the pontiff was inflexible. He exhorted, conjured, commanded them to proceed (23 July, 596); he solicited in their favour the protection of the princes and prelates of the Franks; he begged of the Gallic clergy to depute some of their body to be their interpreters and associates; and at last, after a long and tedious suspense, received the welcome news, that they had landed in safety on the Isle of Thanet, probably in the autumn of the same year, 596.

Of the Saxon kingdoms, that of Kent was the most ancient, and the best disposed to receive the truths of the gospel. The immediate descendants of Hengist seem not to have inherited the mental energy of that conqueror; and by cultivating the arts of peace, had endeavoured to excite a spirit of improvement among their subjects. The example of their neighbours the Franks, who had embraced the Christian faith, taught them to view with less partiality the worship of their ancestors; and from the prosperity of that apostate people they might infer that victory was not exclusively attached to the votaries of Woden. Bertha, daughter to Charibert, king of Paris, was married to their sovereign; she practised the rites of the gospel

in the heart of their metropolis; and the saintly deportment of Liudhard, the prelate who attended her, reflected a lustre on the faith which he professed. From the epistles of St. Gregory it appears that these and similar causes had awakened a desire of religious knowledge among the inhabitants of Kent, and that application for instruction had been made to the prelates of the Franks, whose apathy and indolence are lashed with severe but merited animadversion by the pontiff.

It was at this favourable period that Augustine reached the Isle of Thanet, and despatched a messenger to inform the Saxon king that he was arrived from a distant country, to open to him and his subjects the gates of eternal happiness. It is strange that hitherto Bertha had made no attempt to convert her husband. Whether the arrival of the missionaries awakened her zeal, we know not; but Ethelbert returned a friendly answer, and consented to receive the foreign priests, not indeed within his own residence, but in the open air, where he had been taught to believe that spells and incantations were powerless. The missionaries elated with this faint gleam of success, approached the appointed place with the slow and solemn pomp of a religious procession: before them was borne a silver cross, and a portrait of Christ; and the air resounded with the litany which they chanted, in alternate choirs, praying for the conversion of the pagans. Ethelbert listened with attention to the discourse of Augustine: his answer was reserved but favourable. Though he expressed no inclination to abandon the worship of his fathers, he acknowledged that the offers of the missionary were plausible, and praised the charity, which had prompted strangers to undertake so long a journey, for the advantage of an unknown people. He concluded with an assurance of his protection as long as they should remain in his dominions.

Without the walls of Canterbury the queen had discovered the ruins of an ancient church, built by the Britains in honour of St. Martin. By her orders it had been repaired, and given to the bishop Liudhard: it was now transferred to the use of the missionaries, whose efforts she seconded with all her influence. The patronage of the sovereign insured the respect of the subjects; and curiosity led numbers to view the public service, and learn the religious tenets of the strangers. They admired the solemnity of their worship; the pure and sublime morality of their doctrine; their zeal, their austerity, and their virtue. Insensibly the prejudices of the idolaters wore away; and the priests of Woden began to lament the solitude of their altars. Ethelbert, who at first maintained a decent reserve, ventured to profess himself a Christian; and so powerful was his example, that at the feast of Christmas ten thousand Saxons followed their prince to the waters of baptism.

From the natural ferocity of the Saxon character, there was reason to fear that the royal convert, in the fervour of proselytism, might employ the sword of persecution to accelerate the progress of Christianity. But his teachers were actuated by motives more congenial to the mild spirit of the gospel; and, with a moderation which is not always the associate of zeal, sedulously inculcated that the worship of man, to be grateful to the Deity, must be the spontaneous dictate of the heart; and that the obstinacy of the idolater was to be overcome, not by the sword of the magistrate, but by the labours of the missionary. These lessons they had imbibed from the mouth of the pontiff; and they were frequently inculcated in his letters. In obedience to his instructions, the weakness and prejudices of the converts were respected; the deserted temples of Woden were converted into Christian churches; and the national customs gradually adapted to the offices of religion. Hitherto the Saxons had been accustomed to enliven the solemnity of their worship with the merriment of the table. The victims which had bled on the altars of the Gods furnished the principal materials of the feast: and the praises of their warriors were mingled with the hymns chanted in honour of their deities. Totally to have abolished this practice might have alienated their minds from a religion which forbade the most favourite of their amusements. By the direction of Gregory similar entertainments were permitted on the festivals of the Christian martyrs; tents were erected in the vicinity of the church; and as soon as the service was concluded, the converts were exhorted to indulge with sobriety in their accustomed gratifications, and to return their thanks to that Being, who showers down his blessings on the human race.—*Dr. Lingard's Saxon Church, New edition.—London: Dolman.*

## EDUCATION AT MAYNOOTH.\*

Carlow College, May 10th, 1845.

My dear——, I hasten to answer your questions, and in doing so I will endeavour to be as brief as is compatible with the perfect understanding of the information I wish to convey. I wish you, in the first place, to remark, that you may rely upon my statement as perfectly accurate, and as well founded as if it came from one of the professors of Maynooth itself; since it is only two years since I quitted that establishment, after spending there five years of my course of studies, and my recollection of the points you refer to in your questions is clear and distinct. Your first question is, what is the course of education pursued at Maynooth? An account of the Maynooth course would not be by any means a fair and full view of the studies by which the Irish priest must prepare for the proper discharge of his duties, since Maynooth does not pretend to give him his entire education, but only that portion of it which fits him more immediately for the priesthood. Therefore I send you a sheet of my directory, which will inform you what amount of information is required from all who present themselves for admission, and you will find the rules of Maynooth in this respect are stricter than those of many colleges and protestant universities. Suppose a person enters for the lowest class of humanity or classics, his ordinary course will be seven years, and it may happen to be ten years. The two first years are spent in perfecting his classical education, in making him conversant with the rules and practice of English composition, at French, history, geography, geometry, and algebra. The third year, called in the advertisement the logic year, is devoted to moral philosophy. The student, during this year, is made acquainted with the process and rules of reasoning—this is called *logic*; with the general properties of things—the existence and nature of God's attributes and the faculties of the human soul—this is called *metaphysics*; and with the principles of natural equity and general morality—and this portion of their studies is called *ethics*. During this year the student is not allowed to speak in class in any language except Latin; the professor questioning, and he answering in that tongue. The fourth year is devoted to the study of natural philosophy, including the various branches which are popularly called "*science*," such as astronomy, mechanics, optics, hydrostatics, pneumatics, and the general features of chemistry. The business of this class is transacted in the English language. The three following years are entirely devoted to theology and the study of the sacred scriptures; and if any student distinguish himself for talent and propriety of conduct during his course, he stands a chance of being appointed a senior scholar or Dunboyneman, in which case his studies are prolonged by three years additional, making the longest period a person can remain in Maynooth, as a student, to be ten years, and the ordinary course seven, or at least six years. As I had spent three years and a half in this college before I went to Maynooth, my course there was only five years, two and a half of which I spent on the Dunboyne establishment, with a salary of £26 per annum, and other privileges. Thus far I have been giving an answer to your first question.

You inquire, secondly, if Dens' Theology be a class-book at Maynooth; I reply that it is not, nor has it ever been a class-book. There are only two class-books in theology;—*Bailly* for moral, and *De la Hogue* for dogmatic theology. I suppose the library at Maynooth contains about seven hundred volumes on theology, and Dens' is to be found amongst the rest; but so is

the "Defence of the *Nicene Creed*," by the protestant Dr. Bull; so are the works of the protestants, *Pearson*, *Stillingfleet*, *Chillingworth*; so are the theological works of Luther, Calvin, &c.; the deistical works of Voltaire, Rousseau, &c. In fact, the library, as a matter of course, contains works of every class, Dens' amongst the rest; but it never was a text book in the college.

Now, suppose it were, does it follow that I should hold every opinion laid down in that author? By no means; for though "*Bailly*" was my class-book, I dissent from him in numberless points. Any one acquainted with the course and manner of ecclesiastical studies, must know that class-books are chosen, not because every opinion contained in them is correct, but principally because they follow the best order, and are clear and concise in laying down the doctrines, which are, of necessity, to be believed, and which do not admit of diversity of opinion; such as matters of fact, and the general principles of morality. Take, for instance, a person preparing for the bar. He will have very imperfect knowledge of the law, if he confine himself to the study of one author, and receive all his decisions without testing the reasons on which they rest, and comparing his opinions with those of other writers. And so in our studies; our text-book points out the matter for the ensuing lecture, which matter we may make ourselves acquainted with out of the class-book, or any other book we please. I answer you, then, Dens' is not a class-book; and if it were, I would not be accountable for every opinion he holds. Nor have I ever met a theologian (and I have read numbers of them), all whose opinions I would feel justified in admitting. They are all excellent in some particular department, and all of them defective, and sometimes erroneous, on other points; as is invariably the case with books on law, medicine, and other sciences, not resting on mere observation. The essentials in faith and morality, they all contain; but in matters of mere opinion, which cannot be decided clearly by any evidence of scripture or church authority, they frequently dissent, and some of them, of course, must be wrong.

To your third question—*Is Maynooth a Jesuit college?*—I answer, God forbid. The Jesuits have colleges of their own on the continent, and one for the education of youth at Clongowes Wood, and one in Dublin; but they have no claim to Maynooth, and I am glad of it; for, had they any such power, the effect would be, to make the whole priesthood of Ireland dependent on the Jesuits; and, though I respect their order very much, I respect the independence of the secular clergy still more. No Jesuit is educated at Maynooth. None of their professors are Jesuits; nor did there ever a Jesuit hold a situation in the college, except Dr. Kenney, some 20 or 30 years back, and then he was merely employed there as any other person; and this was before any branch of that order had been re-introduced into Ireland. All who are educated there are for the missions in Ireland, and are sent there by their respective bishops. Some of them may afterwards go to foreign missions, with the permission of their bishop, or may become Jesuits or Benedictines, or attach themselves to any other order. Though I have never known an instance of a Maynooth student becoming a Jesuit, yet it is clear he could do so if he chose, and if his bishop consented, just as a student of any Protestant college may become a dissenting minister or a Catholic, as many of the Oxford men have done.

I have far exceeded the limits I set out for myself, and yet I cannot refrain from making one observation more in reference to your remark, that we must be all in ecstasies at the prospect of the increased grant. You were never more mistaken in your life. From communications I have held with several clergymen in different quarters, I am enabled to say, that the measure

\*The following letter, not written for the purpose of being published, found its way into the Manchester Guardian, from which we extract it.

is treated with indifference by the priests, if you except the professors, who are personally benefitted by it, and some of the bishops; and by many it is considered as an insidious and dangerous measure, tending to make the student dissatisfied with the life he will have to lead when he becomes a priest, and thus prepare him for a government pension. I will venture to say, no priest in Connaught, or in a great portion of Munster or Ulster, with his wretched salary of £10 per annum, and the miserable fare he will have to live on, will rest content, when he recollects his college life in Maynooth under the new *regime*, with the best commons, lodging, and £20 per annum, for doing nothing. Sensible men see that Peel has commenced at the wrong end, unless he have a sinister object in view. He should rather endeavour to elevate the condition of the people; and the improvement in the education and manners of the clergy, who are completely dependent on the people, would follow as a natural consequence; but by commencing with the clergy, he is guilty of the anomaly of elevating a voluntary priesthood above the level of the flocks with whom they will have to associate, and on whom, as I have said, they are dependent for their support. Hence it is, that no body of Catholics has petitioned in favour of this bill. They do not wish to oppose it, because they look upon it as one in a series of measures which the minister has in view to concede to Ireland; and though he has made a mistake in his Maynooth bill, they do not wish to throw difficulties in his way, when he has enough already to contend against from the fanatical bigots of England.

Another evil which Catholics of this country fear may result from this bill, is that, taking it in connexion with the bill intended to be introduced by Sir James Graham on academical education, it will create a monopoly of education by crushing eventually the independent colleges of Ireland, and thus place it in the power of the government at some future day, when the independent colleges like this cease to exist, to insist on any control they may desire to exercise over its management. I do not know what I have written, and I have gone to such length that I have not time to go over it and correct any mistakes; so you must pardon any you may chance to meet with, and also the extreme length of this letter.—Your affectionate —

### MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION OF A CHILD.

THE child was two years and a half old, and belonged to an Irish couple named Ronan. When lost, search was made in vain for it, and six days elapsed without any hope of recovery. Amongst other places where the little creature was supposed to have strayed, was an old unoccupied tenement, close by Ronan's house, and the cellar and rooms were searched, but with the same fruitless result. Sunday passed away, and still no tidings of the missing child; but about twelve o'clock that night, as two young men, who lived with their mother in the house adjoining the empty tenement in question, were retiring to rest, one of them thought he heard faint cries and moans. They got up and proceeded into an empty house. In an attic adjoining their own room, they found, huddled up in the corner, the poor little creature of whom they had been so long in search, but so sadly changed in appearance that it could scarcely be recognised. On seeing two persons approaching with lights, half dressed, the child screamed with fright, but it was speedily quieted, when it eagerly asked for water. On the Ronans being apprised that their little girl was found, the mother could not at first believe that the emaciated little creature before her was their own long lost child. Of this, however, the overjoyed pa-

rents were soon reassured, when they procured some hot coffee of which the child drank with great avidity, its sobs mixed with upbraiding to "mammy" for leaving her so long alone. On undressing her, the little creature's back and sides were found quite sore and bruised from lying on the hard boards, and her feet were swelled from the pressure of her boots, and they were also bruised in various places. She complained sadly of pains in her stomach, caused by her long and dreary fast, not a morsel of food having been tasted by her for six days and nights! It appears that on straying from its mother's door, on the preceding Tuesday morning, it fell into the open cellar of the empty house, without any one being aware of the circumstance. It was probably stunned by the fall (as it has a severe cut on its forehead), and was thus prevented from crying out for help. On recovering itself, it crept from the cellar up stairs, and from the lower rooms into the attic, on reaching which it closed the door, which shut so closely, that the child became a prisoner in the solitary apartment, beyond all reach of aid, save that all-seeing Providence, which so mysteriously watched over and preserved its life.

### THE DEARTH OF 1801.

THE great dearth of 1801, when bread rose to an enormous price, and potatoes, meat, and every other eatable was proportionately dear, I remember well. The bread we had to eat had long black seams running through it like India rubber, and as tough: it was as heavy as brick clay, and much of the same general colour and consistency. Owing to the wetness of the harvest, and the abominable adulterations to which the high price of flour tempted the dealers to resort, it was thoroughly unsound, would not make a pudding, nor hardly a loaf, and when turned out of the oven was as soft and incohesive as fermenty. Of this horrid stuff we had not enough—were stinted in our allowance. That people should die in great numbers, that there should be fewer births and weddings, no one can doubt, who has lived during a famine. A scarcity, or run on the bread-basket, necessarily leads to a run on every other comfort, on fuel, raiment, and bedding, even on the mind and spirits; so that it is no more wonderful that men should not thrive and multiply, than that plants should degenerate when excluded from air and sunshine, or other elementary nutriment, essential to growth and multiplication. It abated the martial furor of the time. Battles and victories over the French were never mentioned. It was the state of the corn market, whether wheat was rising or falling in price, that formed the anxious topics of inquiry. Many a time have I seen my father enter the house almost frantic, exclaiming, as soon as he got over the threshold, "That flour had again risen—that it was 7s. per stone!"—"O dear!" my mother would say, "I cannot tell wot ull become o' us all; we shall be all starved. Every market-day almost there was a riot, and the soldiers called out to suppress it. The corn and flour dealers—badgers they were called—were the objects of much popular spite, and were often pelted in the streets or their windows broken. To appease the people—or perhaps from mistaken conviction of its usefulness, for the judges on their circuits countenanced the popular clamour—the magistrates of the town posted up hand-bills threatening to enforce the utmost penalties of the law against all forestallers, regraters, and engrossers. The imperial government was not idle, and sought by legislation to regulate domestic consumption. No puddings were to be made under a penalty; nor any, except stale bread, to be eaten. The members of parliament, at the instance, it was said, of the king or Mr. Pitt, passed resolutions, binding themselves not to allow fine wheaten flour to be used in their families, and to eat only brown bread.—*Edinburgh Review.*

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR.

Sir,

I PRESUME your readers know the interesting fact, that "there is a Catholic chapel now in Ryde;" but those who all their little lifetime have enjoyed such a blessing in the vicinity of their respective residences, may not be aware how highly this privilege is estimated by those who have but recently received this benefit. For such of your juvenile readers I transmit the following from the pen of a young convert:

"It had been one of those bright days in which all nature seems to rejoice, and even the heart pressed down by sorrow mounts above its weight of woe in aspirations to Him who maketh his sun to rise on the good and bad. Our party returned from their excursion through Ryde. Wishing to call on a friend, I left the carriage to wait for me in the Newport Road. I had made my short visit, and was returning to my companions with hasty steps and a light heart, my road lay along Lind Street, leaving the busy town behind. I entered West Street, here was no hurrying to and fro, but all was still and peaceful as the evening; some few persons were promenading in this retirement, enjoying the fragrance of the flowers and flowering shrubs that adorn the fronts of the pretty cottages, while the setting sun cast a golden tint over the scene, giving it a beautiful, yet heart-soothing effect. In this street is situated the cottage where the adorable sacrifice of the Mass 'is offered,' (until a better adapted building shall be erected;) it is hidden from the view by a tall shrubbery shading a spacious gravel walk, closed to the street by a heavy door. I came suddenly on it: the door was standing open: emphatically did the words of Isaiah occur, 'all you that thirst, come to the waters;' my pace involuntarily slackened; it would, I felt, be almost irreverent not to make a momentary pause. I did not absolutely bend the knee, but my heart bowed in grateful adoration towards that holy place, from whence Emmanuel (God with us) deigns to give his benediction.

"Ryde has been familiar to me from childhood; not a turning but reminds me of some circumstance of weal or woe. I thought on the time when Goldsworth Grove had other occupants, and when Catholicity in its *real character* had never been unfolded to us. I remembered when I too was 'afar off' from the fold of the good Shepherd, 'an alien from the conversation of Israel,' and therefore do I appreciate the opening of this mission as rivers of waters in drought, as the shadow of a rock that standeth out in a weary land. This is the day set apart in the week to pray for the conversion of our beloved country; let us particularly remember Ryde, imploring the Divine Blessing on those whose liberality has planted amongst us a branch of the True Vine; and that it may not be for this generation to pass away ere the Truth shall be fully received, but that this people through grace may be made willing to return to the faith of their Fathers, to enter the one Fold of the one Shepherd, secure in the promises of God; and that the few who now compose this little flock may not by their lives give occasion to our adversaries to reproach us, or destroy the faith of a weak brother."

FLORA ANNE.

Isle of Wight, June 12th 1845.

## WILD BEES IN BRITISH GUIANA.

IN our peregrinations in the savannahs we frequently met with the nests of wild bees. They belonged to a species which Macusi Indians call Wambang; the Wapisiana *camuiba*. The hives or nests are generally fixed to branches of trees, and are from two to three feet in length. The materials with which these bees build are bits of wood, mixed with glue, which they tread with their feet until it becomes of the consistence of paper, and of a firm texture. Their cells are hexagonal, and contain only what is vulgarly called worms and honey. The latter is uncommonly sweet; but it is remarkable that in none of their nests, and I have seen many opened, is any vestige of wax to be found. The bee is small, being not more than from four to five tenths of an inch in length; the body is dark brown and hairy, which gives it a velvet-like appearance; the wings of the abdomen are black, margined with a rust-coloured, almost yellowish, band; the superior wings transparent, at the outer edges brown and marked with eight or nine cells. It stings severely; and, in order to secure nests, the Indians kindle fires under them, when the inmates abandon their fabrics *en masse*. I have, however, seen an Indian, who was the conjuror *plaiaman* of his tribe, merely approach the nest, and knocking with his fingers against it, drive out all the bees without a single one injuring him. I noticed him drawing his fingers under the pits of his arms before he knocked against the hive. A second species of honey-bee is destitute of a sting, and produces both honey and wax. The honey is slightly acidulous, and is deposited in hollow trees. The Macusi call this kind "mapa."—*Schomburgk's Visit to the Sources of the Takutu.*

## A THRIVING SETTLER.

THE most extraordinary elevation was, perhaps, that of Robert Jenkins. He had come in one of the vessels from Sydney at the same time as the first colonists from England. Soon after the move to Thorndon, he bought a barrel of beer, and set it on tap in a miserable little hut on the beach. He had then crept on from one thing to the other, until he had a pretty neat grog shop, with the sign of the "New Zealander." When the town sections were given out, he took a lease of part of one of the most valuable sections near Te Aro, and built on it a large brick house, which quite looked down upon the wooden cottage beside it in which the bank was situated. Here he did a thriving business; having his bar full of boatmen and sailors, whalers, bullock-drivers, stockmen, and others of the thirsty class, and a neat parlour, in which commercial transactions and sales of cattle and horses were often concluded over a jug of beer. At length, he built extensive stables, with four stalls and five loose boxes; speculated a little in buying cattle and setting up a butcher next door to him; took in horses to livery and to be broken in; and became the owner of considerable property both in land and stock. When I left, he was paying a rent of £20 a year for one hundred acres of hill-pasture near the town, had made an excellent road up the steepest hill in the neighbourhood to his section, had fenced in half of it, and had a fine troop of brood mares running on the farm. "Old Jenkins," as he is generally called, is quite a character. He can suit his conversation and manners to any class of society, and there is not a gentleman in Wellington who will not willingly chat over the news of the day with him at the door of his tavern, and often be glad to profit by his experience and knowledge of the world. For, although of unknown origin, and ignorant even of writing, he has many sterling qualities. Though a public-house keeper, he is an absolute observer of temperance, without having taken the pledge; and he can boast an uncommon share of vigour, manly independence, and public spirit. He is one of those men who must be in a new community to obtain the estimation which they deserve.—*Wakefield's Adventures in New Zealand.*

MEMOIRS OF THE REV. JOHN HUD-  
DLESTON,

*Who so eminently assisted in the Preservation of King Charles the II., after his total Defeat at the Battle of Worcester, and also in his last Moments reconciled him to the Catholic Church.*

THE Rev. John Huddleston was born in Lancashire, and educated in the English College at Douay; where he was ordained Priest, and sent back on the mission.—In the year 1651 he resided in the family of Mr. Whitgrave, of Moseley in Staffordshire. At the time of the battle of Worcester, (which happened on the 3d of September in that year) when King Charles II. was obliged, upon the defeat of his army, to fly, attended by several Lords and Gentlemen, amongst whom were Lord Wilmot and Colonel Giffard, Mr. Huddleston, it will be seen, was one whom Providence made an important use of upon that remarkable occasion. The darkness of the night favoured their flight; and Colonel Giffard (who was a Catholic gentleman of Staffordshire, and well acquainted both with the roads and Catholic families of that county) served as a guide, and conducted the king to White Ladies, where he arrived on Thursday morning. Here his majesty changed his clothes, cut his hair, coloured his face *brown* with walnut-leaves, put on a patched coat, a coarse shirt, a pair of clouted shoes, and every thing else suitable to the dress of a poor country peasant. Being thus disguised he dismissed all his retinue, and committed his person to the fidelity of the Pendrels. These were three brothers; William who was tenant in a neighbouring house of the Fitzherberts, called Boscobel. The other two, called Richard and John, who were poor labouring men, at or about White Ladies. The king spent the rest of this day in a neighbouring wood, accompanied only by Richard Pendrel; for his brother John was gone to conduct my Lord Wilmot as shall be seen more at large immediately. When it grew dark, his majesty, attended only by the same Richard, set forwards towards Madeley, a little town or village in Shropshire, situated near the Severn, with intention to pass that river into Wales: but coming near the place, one Mr. Wolf, a Catholic of Madeley, informed his majesty, that all the fords and passages were so strongly guarded, that he could not avoid being taken, if he proceeded: and it being dangerous either to enter into the town, or return by day-light, the king took up his lodging in one of Mr. Wolf's barns; where he continued all Friday, and toward the evening returned back into Staffordshire with Richard his faithful guide, who brought him to his brother William at Boscobel, which place they reached towards the morning of Saturday. And here it was, that, to prevent the danger of the king's being discovered by those who might come to search the house, he was concealed in Boscobel Wood in the tree, since called the *Royal oak*, together with Colonel Carles, a Catholic officer in the king's army, who, after the loss of the battle, had fled thither for shelter: under which concealment his majesty was forced to continue the greatest part of Saturday and Sunday, till about midnight he was conducted by the Pendrels on a miller's horse to Moseley, the house of one Mr. Whitgrave, a Catholic gentleman, of a good estate; where he was very well accommodated with lodging and diet, and served with great respect by the master and mistress of the house, and Mr. John Huddleston the priest of the family. And in this sanctuary he continued all Monday and Tuesday till about midnight, when his majesty took leave of his faithful host, and was brought by my Lord Wilmot to Bentley, the house of Colonel Lane, and distant three miles from Moseley.

On Thursday morning, the day after the battle, as soon as the king had dismissed his retinue from White Ladies, my Lord Wilmot, who was one of the number, took John Pendrel to guide him into the common road between York and London, intending to make his escape that way; but finding the ways blocked up on all sides, his Lordship took refuge in the house of one Mr. Huntbach of Brinford, near Moseley, and about four miles from White Ladies; from whence he sent his guide John to Wolverhampton, to see how matters stood there. But John, finding no security in those quarters, as he was going back to my Lord Wilmot, by the singular conduct of divine providence, met with the aforesaid Mr. Huddleston, whose person and character he was very well acquainted with, and therefore made no difficulty to let him into the whole secret: viz. that he had left the king on Thursday at White Ladies with his brother Richard, and that he

himself had the same day, but in vain, endeavoured to forward the escape of a man of quality, who lay then concealed at Brinford near Moseley, and would certainly fall into the hands of the rebels, unless he could prevail on Mr. Whitgrave to receive him into his house at Moseley. Whereupon Mr. Huddleston immediately took John home with him, and there proposed the thing to Mr. Whitgrave; who without hesitation undertook the concealment and protection of his Lordship; made him a visit at Brinford; and about ten of the clock at night brought him to his own house. But because the stables were too near the common street, he sent my Lord's horses to Colonel Lane at Bentley, a near neighbour of his; whose honesty he, my Lord Wilmot, could safely depend upon. The next day, being Friday, John Pendrel was sent back by his Lordship to White Ladies, to know what was become of the king; but all the intelligence he could get from thence was, that his majesty was gone towards the Severn, with his brother Richard, with intention to pass into Wales. Upon this information my Lord Wilmot resolving to follow the king, sent back for his horses from Bentley, and went thither the next night, designing to take the advantage of a pass, which (as his Lordship had been informed) Mrs. Lane had casually procured for herself and a servant, for a journey to Bristol; and John Pendrel went back to White Ladies. The next day was Saturday; and Mr. Whitgrave heard nothing of the king all that day. But the day after, early in the morning, as he was entertaining himself with Mr. Huddleston, full of anxiety for the king's safety, John Pendrel came running to him in great haste, and told him, that his majesty, having been disappointed of his intended passage over the Severn, was come back with his brother Richard, and was then at Boscobel, in great perplexity what course to take for his farther security. Whereupon Mr. Whitgrave and Mr. Huddleston, being deeply concerned for the king's imminent danger, took John with them, and went immediately to Bentley; where, being admitted to my Lord Wilmot, he acquainted him how matters stood; and it was resolved, upon mature deliberation, that my Lord should come back about eleven at night to Moseley, in order to meet the king there; that John should return to Boscobel; and from thence conduct his majesty about the same time of the night to a certain station near Mr. Whitgrave's house, where Mr. Huddleston was to attend and receive him. All which was performed accordingly: only the king came about two hours later than my Lord Wilmot. And here his majesty was sheltered from Sunday till Tuesday night, as was said before. But on Monday night my Lord Wilmot parted from Moseley, and went back to Bentley, to prepare all things for the king's reception there, and take due measures with Colonel Lane for his secure passage into France. During his majesty's stay at Moseley, he was lodged in Mr. Huddleston's chamber, by reason of the convenience of a direct passage which that chamber had into a private hole, which still exists, where the priest of the family was often forced to lurk; and his majesty was once obliged to take shelter in it, upon a sudden alarm, that a party of the rebels were coming towards the house. Their approach was timely discovered, and the king being conveyed into this place, Mr. Whitgrave had the presence of mind to go down and meet the soldiers at the gate, in order to prevent a farther search. They seized violently upon him, and would have hurried him to prison, as a person engaged for the king at Worcester. But he assured them he had been a long time sick and infirm at home; and called in neighbours to attest the same: whereupon they became more tractable, and let him go. And so his majesty was released from his confinement, and the night after conducted to Bentley, where Colonel Lane, a Protestant gentleman, and his family, afforded him a most distinguished reception, and were eminently serviceable in completing the glorious work of his deliverance.

Mr. Huddleston was his majesty's constant companion, whilst he remained at Mr. Whitgrave's. The family was frequently alarmed on the approaching of some of the rebels, who were in search of the king. Mr. Huddleston had then under his care three young gentlemen, viz. Sir Thomas Preston, Mr. Reynolds, and Mr. Palm; whom he placed in the avenues of the house, to observe and give intelligence when any soldiers appeared. Now though these youths were ignorant of the king's being concealed in the house (it not being proper to communicate the secret to them) yet, as it were by a kind of instinct, they called themselves his majesty's *Life Guards*. When the king departed from Moseley, and committed himself to Mr. Lane of Bentley, he took

solemn leave of Mr. Huddleston, with repeated assurances, that he should find him a friend, whenever it pleased God to restore him to his crown. Afterwards, Mr. Huddleston retiring beyond sea became a Benedictine monk; and returned upon the mission; and was made one of Queen Catharine's chaplains. King Charles was not unmindful of the favours he had formerly received from him, in token whereof he was always excepted by name, in all the proclamations and edicts issued out against Catholics. But providence had still a work of much greater consequence to employ him in; which was, to be the instrument of his majesty's reconciliation to the Catholic faith.

On Monday, the 2nd of February, 1684-5, the king rose early; he said he had not slept well. About seven o'clock, coming from his private devotions out of his cabinet, he fell down in an apoplectic fit.

Upon Thursday the 5th of February, 1684, O. S. between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, I was sent for in haste to the queen's back-stairs in Whitehall; and desired to bring with me all things necessary for a dying person. Soon after I was called into the king's bed-chamber, where approaching to the bedside, and kneeling down, I in brief presented his majesty with what service I could perform, for God's honour, and the happiness of his soul in this last moment, on which eternity depended. The king then declared himself, that he desired to die in the faith and communion of the holy Catholic Church; that he was most heartily sorry for all the sins of his life past, and particularly for that he had deferred his reconciliation so long; that through the merits of Christ's passion he hoped for salvation; that he was in charity with all the world; that with all his heart he pardoned his enemies, and desired pardon of all those whom he had in any wise offended; and that, if it pleased God to spare him longer life, he would amend it, detesting all sin. I then advertised his majesty of the benefit and necessity of the sacrament of penance: which advertisement the king most willingly embracing, made an exact confession of his whole life, with exceeding compunction, and tenderness of heart. Which ended, I desired him in further sign of his repentance, and true sorrow for his sins, to say with me this little short act of contrition. *O my Lord God, with my whole heart and soul, I detest all the sins of my life past, for the love of thee, whom I love above all things; and I firmly purpose, by thy holy grace, never to offend thee more. Amen, sweet Jesus, amen. Into thy hands, sweet Jesus, I commend my soul. Mercy, sweet Jesus, mercy.* This he pronounced with a clear and humble voice; which done, and his sacramental penance admitted, I gave him absolution. After some time thus spent, I asked his majesty, if he did not also desire to have the other sacraments of the Church administered to him. He replied, *By all means I desire to be partaker of all the helps and succours necessary and expedient for a Catholic Christian in my condition.*

The Father being gone, the Bishops and Lords entered again, and desired the king to remember his last end, and endeavour to make a good one. He said he had thought on it, and hoped he had made his peace with God. They asked him if he would receive the sacrament; he said he would not. Then he proceeded in extolling the Queen and the Duke, saying, he was not sorry to leave the world, leaving so good a brother to rule behind him.

The king, having prepared himself in the manner related, died the next day, being Friday, February 6th, 1664. He was fifty-four years, eight months, and six days old. He lived from the time of his father's death thirty-six years and seven days; from his restoration twenty-four years, eight months, and six days.

It is impossible to close this memoir, without giving such a sample of the *littleness* of the great Lord Clarendon, as may enable his readers the better to appreciate such parts of his celebrated history as are connected with Catholics and their religion. His Lordship (Part iii. Book xiii. p. 321.) says, "*It is a great pity that there was never a journal made of that miraculous deliverance.*" But what, says Dodd, hindered his Lordship from making such a journal, since in the very same page he tells us in the margin, "*that he had all the particulars of the king's escape from his own mouth?*" The case is clear; it would have marred the grand object he had in view in writing that history, had he brought forward in it such brilliant proofs of Catholic loyalty; and as all prudent men in their choice of evils, ever take the least, so his Lordship thought it better to cripple his history by an affected, but impossible, ignorance of facts so public and important, than by relating them, to do honour to Catholics,

and cause those calumnies to be discredited which it was thought necessary, for the safety of the Church and the State, to be continually forging against them; insomuch, that his Lordship neither mentions in his book White Ladies, or Boscobel, or Moseley, or Colonel Giffard, nor Mr. Wolf, who had the king in his barn; nor Mr. Whitgrave, who at the risk of his life lodged the king from Sunday to Tuesday; nor the three Pendrels, who were so instrumental in the King's and Lord Wilmot's preservation; with other statements equally to be credited; but the king and parliament rendered that honourable testimony to the worth of those brave and loyal men, which Lord Clarendon's policy refused, by settling pensions on them.

Sir Roger L'Estrange took the pains (in his periodical paper called the *Observator*, in answer to a Whig writer who asserted that the Papists had no hand in the king's escape) to give a list of them, which is as follows:

- 1 Francis Lord Talbot,
- 2 Colonel William Carleoes,
- 3 Mr. Charles Giffard,
- 4 William Pendrel, senior,
- 5 George Pendrel,
- 6 Richard Pendrel,
- 7 Humphrey Pendrel,
- 8 John Pendrel, all the sons of William Pendrel,
- 9 Jane Pendrel, mother to the above-named Pendrels,
- 10 Elizabeth Pendrel,
- 11 Frances Pendrel,
- 12 Anne Pendrel, all daughters of William and Jane,
- 13, 14, 15, Three wives of the young Pendrels,
- 16 Edward Martin,
- 17 The wife of Edward Martin,
- 18, 19, 20, Three sons of Edward Martin,
- 21 Mr. Chambers, Priest at White Ladies,
- 22 Mr. Manwaring, Priest at Wolverhampton,
- 23 Mr. Thomas Whitgrave,
- 24 The mother of Mr. Whitgrave,
- 25 Mr. Sampson Erdswyck,
- 26 The wife of Mr. Erdswyck,
- 27 Mr. Thomas Giffard,
- 28 The wife of Mr. Thomas Giffard,
- 29 The daughter of Mr. Thomas Giffard
- 30 Mr. Edward Giffard,
- 31 The wife of Mr. Edward Giffard,
- 32 Captain Thomas Giffard,
- 33 Mr. George Giffard,
- 34 Mr. Humphrey Ironmonger,
- 35 Mrs. Jane Harwell,
- 36 Mrs. Andrews,
- 37 Mrs. Cresswell,
- 38 Elizabeth Spicer,
- 39 Francis Yate,
- 40 The wife of Francis Yate,
- 41 Francis Yate, servant to Mr. Charles Giffard,
- 42 Mr. Francis Wolf, senior,
- 43 The wife of Mr. Wolf,
- 44 Mr. Francis Wolf, junior,
- 45 The wife of Mr. Wolf, junior,
- 46 The sister of Mr. Wolf, junior,
- 47 Mr. Wolf's servant
- 48 John Law,
- 49 The wife of John Law,
- 50 Mr. Richard Vavasor,
- 51 Robert Bird of Tong,
- 52 Mr. John Huddleston, priest in Mr. Whitgrave's family, a principal contriver of the king's escape.

Approving of moderate passions, is approving of moderate injustice, moderate baseness, moderate intemperance; for to prescribe bounds to vice (to say how far vice shall go), is allowing that a part of it may exist.

Atheism is a mistake on the part of pride; it is more honourable to owe one's existence to a God, than to contemptible matter.

The two words the shortest to speak, *yes* and *no*, are those which require the strictest consideration.

## DEATH OF DE RANÉ.

In his advanced age and increasing infirmities, his brethren besought him to moderate somewhat of his rigorous austerities: they even obtained from the Holy See permission for the purpose, but his love of penance was stronger than his love of life, and he continued them to the last. When the days of the exhausted and worn-out invalid were drawing to a close, and apprehensions were entertained of his death being near at hand, the brethren of the monastery began to gather around the door of the infirmary, anxious to have one look at their respected father, and to hear one word from his venerated lips, before he was taken away from among them. De Rané, from his bed, heard their whispered inquiries, and was informed of their solicitude. He dictated his last farewell, which he wished to have read for them by the abbot:

"God alone," said he, "knows how desirous I am to see you once more. Though I long for that happiness more than ever I did through life, yet I grieve to say, that in the present state of my health, it is one which I must forego. Pray for me, my brethren; and ask of God, that if I be still good for anything, I may be continued to you a little longer, if not, that He take me from the world."

The bishop of Seez, his friend and confessor, was sent for. De Rané seemed much pleased when he saw him: took the prelate's hand, and raised it to his forehead, as if he meant to form with it the sign of the cross upon himself, repeated the general confession, and requested his kind influence at court in favour of the discipline he had established in the monastery. This was the only solicitude that troubled his dying hour. Seeing one of the monks in tears, he stretched out his hand, and said, "I am not going away from you for good. I am only going before you a little while. He attempted to write a parting letter to James II, who since his visits to La Trappe had kept up a friendly interchange of letters and kind offices, but not being able to finish it, he prayed the abbot to make the necessary apology to his majesty. The night of the 25th of October was a long and restless one for the sinking patient. He spent it in a straw chair, with sandals that belonged to a deceased religious placed on the ground before him, as if to remind him of the journey he had to go. He rallied a little on the following day, but at eight o'clock in the evening it was evident to all around him that his agony was coming on. He required to be placed on his knees to receive once more the bishop's blessing, and then laid on the bed of ashes on which, according to his institute, the Trappist must always die. A king might envy the unearthly joy that sparkled in his eyes as he helped to arrange his emaciated limbs upon his bed of pain. The bishop, who stood by his side, asked him whether he knew him. "Perfectly; I never will forget you," was the reply. He then inquired of the attendants whether they gave anything to sustain the strength that was each moment becoming less. De Rané heard the question, and faintly whispered that nothing remained undone. Some verses of psalms were repeated alternately by him and his attendants. "Lord, thou art my protector and my deliverer," repeated the bishop. "O Lord, do not delay," faintly muttered De Rané. They were the last words he spoke. He looked for a moment steadfastly at his friend, then raised his eyes to heaven and died. This was on the 26th of October in the year 1700. He was seventy-four years of age, and had spent thirty-seven—just half his life—in the penitential exercises of the cloister. He was buried in the common cemetery of his convent. In death, as in life, he wished to be in the midst of his brethren.

*The following Ballad is founded on the above narrative.*

He lay upon his bed of death,

The monk of four-score years—

A few short hours and he has left

This joyless vale of tears.

"Dear Father Abbot, haste!" he cried,

"List to the words I tell;

O grant me what I pray!" and then  
His warm tears swiftly fell.

"In far Guienne, a friend I have:—

Your grace, that I begin,

To speak of worldly cares nor wail

A life so stained with sin.

This friend—I fain would have him here,

Contrite for misspent years;

And in some holy cell, kneel down,

In sackcloth, and in tears.

When o'er the world's dark sea I sailed

I shipwrecked him in crime:

And—thrice unhappy soul—e'en still,

Sin clouds his fleeting time.

"But, father, since the blessed hour,

This happy port I hailed,

To hear an Ave Mary oft,

Each hour hath never failed.

My constant tears have claimed a path

Upon my care-worn face;

Oh, tell me, sainted Abbot—say,

Am I yet restored to grace?"

A tear rolls down the Abbot's cheek

The whilst these words are told,

He comforts him—and bids him know,

He's numbered in "the fold."

"That, when I'm gone," the monk rejoined,

"And laid amongst the dead,

My friend may come repentant here,

Let a mass be daily said."

De Rané left that couch of grief,

And to the brethren hied;

"Come, haste thee, brother Paul," said he,

Come to a friend's bed-side!"

He led him from the holy church—

He led him up the stair—

And as they neared the sick man's cell,

I ween they breathed a prayer.

"Dear child, our brother Paul hath come,

To watch o'er thy last end,

And well I know thou'lt like his aid

For he's—thy long-lost friend!"

The brother raised the symbol cowl,

The sick monk turned his eyes—

"Thanks, holy patron! Gracious Heaven!

I've gained my long-lost prize!"

He clasped the proffered hand with joy,

His feeble heart beat high:

He raised his hands in thanks and seemed

The soul of grateful piety.

"Oh, come my guardian spirit, now,

Receive my parting breath,

And thou, sweet mother, guide thy child

To Jesus at his death!"

His lips the dying Saviour kissed—

And pressed his brother's hand—

The monk hath left his brethren here,

To join a happier band.

*Spec.*

No. 2.

ENTERTAINMENTS ON ITALY AND ITALIAN  
MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

BETWEEN AN ITALIAN PRIEST AND AN ENGLISH FAMILY.

As soon as tea was over, the subject of the former conversation was resumed. Miss Smith commenced by asking Theodore for some account about the manners of the Italians. "I believe," said he, "that they are a very good people, they are all Catholics, not troubled at all by the Protestant atmosphere, and so near to the centre of our holy religion that they must be very good indeed; but for us poor Englishmen, who breathe in this island a Protestant atmosphere, though we are not Protestants, still we feel or participate somewhat of the air we breathe."

*F. Theodore.* There cannot be a doubt that this circumstance is very favourable to the Italians at large, the having always had the happiness of preserving not only the faith, but also the practices of the Catholic Church as derived from the Apostles, and the men of the apostolic age, who first announced the Gospel there. So that taking the whole nation at large, I may say that it is a good one.

*James.* I beg pardon for interrupting you. I do not think that the Catholics of Italy are better than the Catholics of England. It is true that they are all Catholics, and that there has never been any disturbance about their religion; but for this very reason, I think them lukewarm, and somewhat negligent and superficial in their faith, which never has been tried; on the contrary, here in England, we are tried, we are insulted for our belief, and this circumstance is very apt to stir up our feelings, and make us study our religion, that we may be able to answer the objections of Protestants. A tree on the top of a hill is a good deal better rooted than one in a valley, and this on account of the wind, by which it is always blown and shaken. The Italians are perhaps purer in their faith, but we are steadier and better rooted in our belief. I think that if some of those objections that are put to us, were put before Italians, they would hardly be able to answer them; whilst here in England, every poor peasant is able to beat a parson of the Church of England. Look, for instance, at a poor ragged Irishman, he is always ready to fight for his faith, and is not afraid to stand before the most learned clergyman of the English church. Would an Italian peasant be able to do so? I think an Italian gentleman would scarcely be fit for this task.

*F. Th.* Your remark is very just, and I have nothing against it. Still do not believe that the Italians in general are devoid of genius, and learning, and warmth about their faith. They seem to be cold because they are not tried, but let a trial come, and you will see how warm they will become. I have seen it in part under the tyranny of Napoleon; as soon as the trial came, their faith and piety immediately revived, so that there was great reason to thank God for the change.

*Miss Smith.* The common opinion is, that had Henry VIII. and Elizabeth been in Italy, they would have made martyrs but not apostates; on the contrary, in England they made few martyrs, and a good many apostates. The Italians are warm in their feelings, which are stirred up under trials; we are cold calculating people, under trials we sink altogether. Compare the English with the French Revolution. The English made almost all apostates, and few martyrs and confessors; on the contrary, the French Revolution made few apostates and a good many martyrs and confessors of the faith. So I believe it would be with the Italians. I have always had the best opinion of the Italian people.

*James.* After all I do not believe that the Italians are so

good now, for the accounts which we have of them are not very favourable.

*Miss Smith.* At any rate, it is always true that if there be any thing great and heroic especially in these latter centuries, it is to be found amongst the French and Italians. Almost all the saints of these latter ages are Italians: the great missionaries and apostles of these latter times are either French or Italian. This is a fact, and against a fact there is no reasoning.

*John.* But the Lazzaroni of Naples, and the Banditti are also facts, and what will you say against these?

*Miss Smith.* Nay, Sir, if you form an estimate of a nation from its very worst portion you will continually make mistakes. We must, on the contrary, estimate it by its best and largest portion.

*James.* In fine, I think that in every nation there are good and bad men. It is so with England, and with Italy, &c.

*F. Th.* This, my dear Sir, is the best division we can make. Every where there are good and bad: still taking them as a whole, I am happy to say that the Italians are a good nation. I may state also, that the good portion of the nation is not so well known as the bad, especially by travellers. The reasons are manifold; and first, because a traveller very often finds what he searches for on every side, and because a great many travellers are not very good, they do not take the trouble to search for what is good. The second reason is, because the Italians, being in general people of strong and lively feelings, are not all cautious in their expressions; they utter all their feelings without disguise in the strongest terms, that strike the imagination of a traveller of a cold temper, whilst they are not so bad if taken in their lawful meaning by those who are accustomed to converse with these people. For instance, what feelings will be excited in an English traveller by these ordinary expressions of a Neapolitan: *Ti venga un accidente*—May you be struck with apoplexy. *Possa essere ucciso*—May you be killed. A traveller with his dictionary in hand would take these expressions for terrible curses; but in the mouth of a Neapolitan they mean nothing but a kind salutation, as, how do you do? I am glad to see you, and so forth. So that the Italians generally appear a good deal worse than they are in reality; in the north of Europe, on the contrary, people may be worse than they appear. But I do not intend to disparage any nation at all. I love England, the English, as I told you before, perhaps better than the Italians (I speak of the English Catholics). With regard to the Italians, their warm and lively character makes them either extremely bad or extremely good. If they take the bad course, they go so far as to surpass a good deal our bad English Catholics, who, although not good, still preserve some kind of decorum in their manners; but those bad Italians scarcely preserve any whatever in theirs. Hence it comes to pass that they give great scandal, especially to travellers who oftener meet with these, than with the good ones. A good man is not fond of going and exposing himself without necessity to strangers, but those who are bad, do it through the hope of gaining something. So much for the bad Italians. Now let us speak of those who are good; and these, I am happy to state, are more numerous than the bad ones. These good people know very little of what is called selfishness or fondness for ease and comfort, which prevails so much in this country, even among good people, who would scarcely go to mass unless they found a comfortable pew or soft cushion; and could with difficulty be induced to make the sacrifice of getting up early on the Sunday morning, or any other day of the week to go to mass or to confession. Pews and cushions in the churches are quite unknown in Italy. You will find large and beautiful churches without any bench at all, or, at the most, with but very few. The people go there and remain either kneeling or

standing without any chance of sitting during the service or sermons. There is no distinction of rich and poor. You might see the peasant near the gentleman, the beggar near the lady, without any distinction at all in the place which is thoroughly catholic, that is to say, common for all. There are no seat-rents, or pew-rents: whatever is in the church, are common for all. And what is more remarkable, there are no poor-rates, or church-rates, for these names are quite unknown in Catholic countries. Poor-rates, workhouses, and pew-rents, are all creatures of cold Protestantism, that invented them to take place of the Catholic piety and charity.

*Miss Smith.* How, then, are the churches and poor supported in Catholic countries?

*James.* Oh, there are plenty of revenues for the churches and poor.

*Miss Smith.* I cannot believe it. I think there is not in the entire world any church so rich as the Established Church of England: and still we must pay the poor-rates and church-rates although we do not belong to it. Tell me, are the churches and clergymen in Italy so richly endowed as the churches and clergy of England.

*F. Th.* By no means: on the contrary they are very poor, especially since the French revolution, which took away almost all the money of the churches and of the clergy. The revenue of a parish priest in Italy may amount on the average to seventy crowns, that is to say, about £15 a-year; and that of a bishop to three thousand crowns, that is, about £600. Some may have more and some less, but on an average the above sums may be taken as a rule.

*Miss Smith.* How then are the churches and poor supported?

*F. Th.* By the piety and charity of the people of every parish. Every Sunday there is a free collection at the time of the offertory, and what is collected goes to the support of the church and the poor. Every one gives as he can, and as he pleases: there is no compulsion at all, but as it was done in the time of the apostle, so it is done now. With regard to the poor, almost in every town there is an hospital for the sick who cannot be kept comfortable in their houses, or have no houses at all in the town, being strangers or travellers. They resort to the hospitals, where they are received without any recommendation whatever, their sickness and poverty being a sufficient recommendation for all.

*Mr. Smith.* These hospitals were also in England when it was Catholic, but now the case is different: all the charitable institutions have been reformed and replaced by workhouses and poor-rates. Beautiful reformation indeed!

*Miss Smith.* I should now wish to know whether the people of Italy are eager in resorting to church and frequenting the sacraments; but as it is now getting late, we shall defer this account till to-morrow.

## LISBON.—THE EARTHQUAKE.

THE wildest cries of agony and fear arose from below, where row beyond row of the thickly crowded streets swayed backwards and forwards, like the agitated waves of the ocean, when the first blast of the hurricane is felt; while the thick clouds of dust which ascended from the falling masses seemed like the foam flying before the tempest. A strong wind now blew with terrific violence, and as here and there a view could be obtained of the city, one scene of havoc and destruction presented itself; not a church or convent, scarce a house, was standing below them, except in the immediate neighbourhood, on the side of the hill; and many of the houses even there were tottering to their base, the people hurrying through the streets, they knew not whither, seeking for safety, and often hurrying to

destruction. Numbers had fled to a broad quay, newly built of solid marble, where they deemed themselves in perfect safety; when, as if by magic, it suddenly sank, the water rushing into the vast chasm it had formed, drawing within its vortex, like a whirlpool, numbers of boats and small vessels, crowded with unfortunate wretches, who fancied that it was from the earth alone they had cause to fear. Directly after this dreadful catastrophe had occurred, a vast wave was seen rising on the river, hitherto so calm and shining, and rushing with impetuous force towards the devoted city. The vessels were torn from their moorings, and hurled one against the other. On came the mountain-billow, breaking over the lower part of the city, and sweeping off thousands who had fled to the remaining quays for safety, returning once more to throw back its prey of mangled corpses amid broken planks and rafters of the ruined houses.—*The Prime Minister.*

## ON MARK, iv. 39.

ON the deep lake of Galilee  
The fisher's boat sleeps silently;  
How still the glassy waters seem!  
Save that yon line of ripple shows  
Where through the midst distinctly flows  
The Jordan's never-mingling stream.

Trust not thy bark—though calm and clear  
Tiberias smiles; the storm comes near,  
Without a threat, without a frown,  
Oh launch not forth into the deep!  
For often from the mountain-steep  
The sudden tempest rushes down.

And see! at eve the south winds wake,  
With storms they lash the peaceful lake,  
And rudely toss the slumbering bark.  
The boatman's cheek is pale with fear;  
Quick throbs his heart, for night is near;  
And, as that night, his hopes are dark.

Yet one among that fisher crew,  
While louder still the tempest grew,  
And wilder o'er the water swept,  
One slept, although the deadly tide  
Burst o'er the boat, and all beside  
Clamoured for fear—yet Jesus slept.

He slept—so calm, so beautiful,  
The very tempest seemed to lull  
That deep and undisturb'd repose;  
And play'd about his lips the while  
That smile, that bright and sinless smile,  
Which only childhood's slumber knows.

Why do they break that holy rest?  
And why to him the pray'r address'd?  
And why to him the bended knee?  
Think they in such a night that man  
Can check the death-winged hurricane?  
That man can hush the troubled sea?

Man wakes not there—his god-like form,  
His voice high heard above the storm,  
Th' almighty magic of his word:  
"Peace!" on the noiseless air it fell;  
The waves have own'd the wizard-spell  
Obedient to their God and Lord.

Thou Mighty One, who canst control  
The elements of mind and soul,  
To us thy gracious aid impart!  
Bid the dark spirit's tempest cease!  
Speak to the stormy passions "peace!"  
"Peace" to the sad and troubled heart! G. H.

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